

Latin School Register



JANUARY

1920

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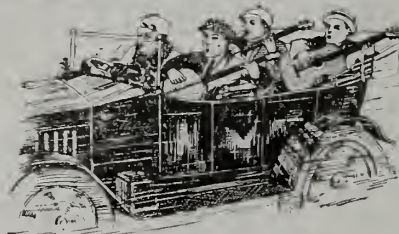
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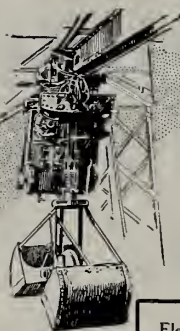
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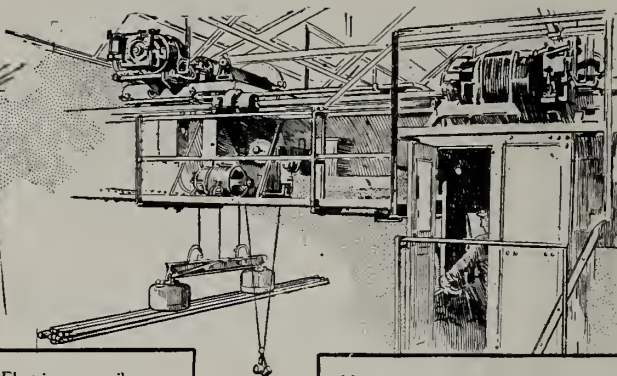
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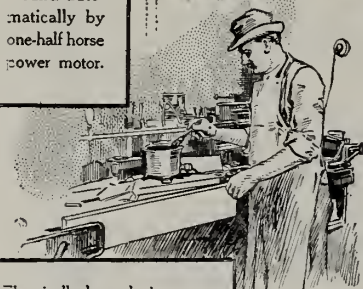
Tower clock wound automatically by one-half horse power motor.



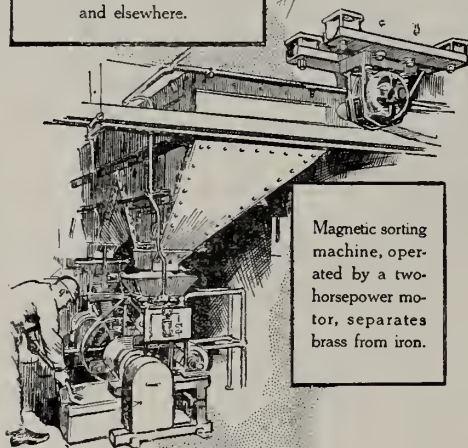
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Motor-generator set mounted on crane supplying power for lifting magnet.



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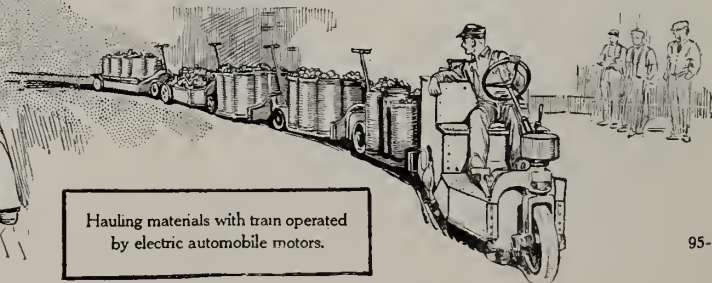
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Linden's Game

L. B. Owen

FOR miles and miles the pure white snow stretched in contrast to a cloudy winter sky in front of Walter Sherbourne and in back of him. The driver of the pack of huskies that drew him almost noiselessly along over the snow never spoke a word nor turned his head one way or the other, but ran untiringly beside the sledge. On the sledge in front of Sherbourne were several small bundles and a moving-picture camera bound securely by stout ropes. Their journey lay before them to Athabasca Trading Post, some ten miles further, for they had already covered fifteen of the twenty-five miles of wilderness and snow between Ft. Montezuma and the post.

Let us skip over the ten intervening miles to the Athabasca Post. About one hundred yards from the store on a slight incline, was situated a good sized bungalow of partly hewn spruce and hemlock beams. The building was unmistakably quaint and stood out in relief against the dingy-windowed store.

Inside, several persons whose mien bespoke the fact that they were well to do were sitting around a huge fireplace in which large spruce limbs were blazing. Some were chatting and others were busy with pencil and paper. The interior of the large bungalow, although rather bare, was furnished rather luxuriantly for that part of the country.

A shout outside aroused the attention of those within and an elderly man whom

all the others seemed to respect made his way to the door.

"Hello, Sherbourne!" he yelled. "Got all the stuff?"

"You bet your life, Doc. Davis will be up with some more supplies tomorrow. I've got one of the cameras and six reels of the film here; so, we can start operations any time you are ready. How's the Athabasca Picture Corporation coming along anyway, Doc?"

"Oh, we've managed to get along without your beaming presence for two days; so you see we are fast becoming used to hardship already."

The preparations for establishing this colony of actors to create winter scenes and photoplays had been made the previous summer during the brief two months that the Athabasca River was navigable. A large supply of rough timber had been brought up for building the roomy bungalow where the actors would live throughout the winter and a large shed in the rear of this building, mostly hidden by young tamaracks and blue spruces, contained an abundant store of lumber for the stage carpenters to use, chiefly in outdoor construction.

The large sitting room briefly mentioned above contained several easy chairs and two couches of luxuriant green plush, while around the walls were several settees quaintly fashioned from cedar branches. To the right of the fireplace there was a bookcase containing

over a hundred volumes of modern novels and journals.

After Sherbourne had disposed of his wraps and warmed himself by the fire, he took a seat beside Miss Thalmar, who was the leading woman of the Athabasca Co., and looked over the scenario of the picture that was soon to be filmed.

The name of the photoplay was "Tainted Gold." Miss Thalmar played the role of a rich young lady full of longing for adventure who had gone Northwest from a large city of the Middle East to the foothills of the Canadian Rockies to hunt for a lost claim of a gold mine which her father had owned before his strange disappearance a few years before.

She took with her a group of five trusted men from her father's mill in her native city, and through five reels of suspense and excitement she and her companions became involved in a plot which some shady characters of the mountains formed against her, and at last discovered the claim in the hands of a man who had claimed to be an old friend of her father.

A group of miners consisting chiefly of Indians from the surrounding country had been engaged and the carpenters were busy erecting the false house fronts for a village street. An old cave a mile or so from the bungalow had been fixed up to resemble the entrance to the abandoned mine. The first part of the story, where Miss Thalmar left home, had been photographed in the city of Edmonton and so everything was in readiness for operations in the mountain wilds. The winter was to be sufficiently filled with sport so as not to make the work drag, for the surrounding forests abounded in all sorts of game.

Two weeks from the time Sherbourne had brought up the camera and films saw two reels of the picture completed, and then one dark night a scene had to be taken in one of the mountain passes

some distance from the Post. All had been prepared for the event that afternoon. It was a situation where Ward Linden, who played a role opposite Miss Thalmar, was to free the heroine from an old hut in the mountains where the crooks had imprisoned her. In the story "Beaver" Burton, the crook of the play, so-called from his beaver-like countenance, had forbidden any one of the people in the village to go near the hut, and he had said that anybody who did so would be shot instantly. Ward Linden was an actor on whom Director Edwards, otherwise known as "Doc," relied a great deal. He had an originality about him that is absent in the make-up of most modern screen actors. He took the part of a well-educated young man of the village who had gone there immediately from college, having been unjustly accused of a crime by one whom he had supposed a friend. When he saw the pretty heroine at the mercy of the crooked Burton, he was stirred to action and under the cloak of a dark winter's eve he went, mindful of the threat of Burton, to free her. A fight between him and Burton was to ensue in a mountain pass, during which he was to hurl the crook over the precipice, although wounded by him in the arm. The heroine was to carry him inside the hut and use his revolver to ward off the rest of Burton's men. Interesting scenes were to follow during which the heroine was to become engaged in getting Linden safely out of the mountains.

That afternoon Sherbourne had been engaged at practising with a revolver, a sport of which he was very fond, and, coming in to prepare for the trip to the mountains that night, he had carelessly left the weapon loaded and lying on a table. Then after supper, when the actors, bundled in furs and heavy boots, had gathered for departure in front of

the large bungalow, Sherbourne was nowhere to be seen. Director Edwards inquired at the Post but the man in charge there said he had not seen him since that afternoon. Not wishing to delay longer, Doc shouldered the camera and the party set out. The driver of the pack of huskies that had been engaged for the winter acted as guide and led them along at a smart pace through the deep snow. The party had not proceeded more than a mile, however, when they were startled by a shout at their right, and looking around they saw Sherbourne struggling forward as fast as he could through the snow. Doc was heard to emit a curse as he came up with the group and immediately he handed the camera to him.

"Where've you been, sir?"

"Sorry, Doc, but I can't tell you just now as I've been on strictly private business."

As the party proceeded, the Aurora Borealis, more commonly known as the Northern Lights, became visible and brought many exclamations from the lips of the city folks for though, to be sure, this phenomenon could be seen in the city of Edmonton, still they had never seen it so exquisitely beautiful before. Lighting the broad arch of the frigid heavens with hundreds of various tints and shades, it seemed to produce a weird feeling of wonder and admiration in the minds of the actors.

The destination was soon reached, however, and all thoughts of nature's handiwork were lost in the busy preparations. Two arc lights were set up, supplied with electricity by a bulky storage battery that seemed to the lifters to weigh about a ton. A fire was started in the old hut, mentioned before, and as soon as the actors had laid aside their surplus wraps, Director Edwards had them go through the actions of the scenes two or three times, and gave

Linden and Burton some pointers on the fight that was to take place, and then the arc lights were focused and the camera began to click away. By that time a little snow had begun to fall and, although it worried the "Doc" not a little, still it made a more ideal setting for the picture. Everything went off "slick," and the time for the fight was at hand. Both Linden and Burton were stalwart and possessed athletic forms. Everyone crowded around with interest as the two came together, toppled over, with Burton on top, and struggled fiercely. Now Burton, revolver in hand, was struggling to aim it at Linden's chest and the latter with what seemed to be almost superhuman strength warded it off, having seized the crook by the wrist. Suddenly, according to schedule, Linden slackened his hold. They separated for an instant to avoid Linden's being burned and the weapon resounded through the lonely forest with a sharp crack. The victim of the shot sank to the ground, while Burton paused a minute for him to raise feebly and shove his dummy, which was about to take Burton's place in the scene, over the cliff.

The group which had been passing interesting comments on the fight suddenly became silent. Sherbourne, at the camera, forgot to turn the crank and just stared. All eyes were glued on the limp form of Linden. They saw him attempt to raise himself up on his elbow and fall helplessly back with a groan. "Doc" Edwards rushed forward simultaneously with Sherbourne and together they carried the wounded man into the hut. Burton was almost terror-stricken. The party of actors were speechless and could only look at each other in horror. How could a blank cartridge wound a man? Who in the party was the crook that had framed

up this plot against Linden? Could Burton himself be responsible for it?

It was found that the victim had been shot through the right shoulder and the wound was bleeding badly. Burton managed to pull himself together enough to inspect the weapon under the glow of one of the arc lights. He uttered a sharp exclamation as he saw engraved on the holt of the revolver the initials "W. S." Sherbourne noticed him bending over the weapon and started to walk towards him. At the sight of the revolver the truth dawned upon him: Burton had got the wrong revolver by mistake. Then he reached into his pocket and pulled out the revolver loaded with blank cartridges that Burton was to have had. All eyes were fixed on Sherbourne now and he seemed to flinch a little, but he summoned his courage and spoke.

"Friends, this accident is a hard one for me to bear. When I came back to the bungalow for supper, I left the revolver that I was practising with this afternoon lying on a table near the fireplace. When I left the house after supper, before the rest of you, I picked up this one which Burton was to have used, thinking it to be mine. He evidently failed to notice the mistake as well as I, and now you see the result."

"Sherbourne, where were you when we started out?" asked Director Edwards sternly.

"That, Mr. Edwards, is a question which I cannot at present answer."

By this time the snow was falling quite fast. The driver of the pack of huskies was decidedly uneasy. He paced the ground with grunts trying to signify his state of mind. Director Edwards was also worrying and soon, when Linden had been wrapped up in furs and placed on the sledge, the party proceeded

down the mountain as swiftly as possible and reached the bungalow in about three quarters of an hour.

For the next few days the remaining scenes in which Linden was not to take part were filmed and then everything was at a standstill. One day the "Doc" came into his room to chat with him for a while. Most of the others had gone hunting and so the two were alone in the house without any danger of being overheard. They had been chatting a little while when Linden stretched nearer Edwards.

"Say, Doc," he said, "do you know I've sort of been acting a true part in this play? I'll tell you. It's like this.—I guess it was about two years ago when Sherbourne was one of the camera men in a film company where I was acting a minor part. I hadn't been in it long but the director seemed to think I had talent that was worth improving. Accordingly he gave me parts that required more personality and talent. It was not long, however, before several thefts of the actresses' jewelry seemed to point at Sherbourne as the culprit. I believed firmly that he had committed the thefts and told the director about it. In some way I think he found out that I had mentioned his name in connection with the theft. Anyway the next day they found the missing jewelry in a suit case in my dressing room. I don't know how they got there but I have my suspicions as to Sherbourne. Then when you hired me I knew that he was engaged by you as camera man and so I adopted this guise which you will notice is neither my real hair nor my moustache. Nevertheless I think he recognized me and I think it was by his doings that I was wounded that night. Now, Doc, I wouldn't say anything about it just yet but I'd keep my eyes open if I were you."

(Continued on page 20)

The Editors' Page

VOLUME XXXIX. No. 4.

JANUARY, 1920.

ISSUED MONTHLY

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H. E. WHITING	

THE LAST TRENCH

QUITE recently there has been a great amount of speculation as to whether the standard of college entrance examinations should be lowered. On first thought to some of us who failed to pass the entire number of examinations last June, the idea seems alluring, something to be greatly desired. To be sure the project does away with a certain amount of worry and anxious expectation, for one could be almost certain to pass the examinations if the much discussed plans go into effect. This would also lead to the lessening of the studies during the school year. Once more this would sound advantageous to a certain class, but in ten years time it would be just as difficult to pass the new standard as it is the present one. In other words a change now would mean a change at regular intervals during the future. Is the education built up of long years of hardship and struggle to come to naught?

The lowering of the standard of the examinations means that the high educational standards of our greatest colleges are to be brought down. There are institutions that do not desire their applicants to pass a difficult examination. These are the establishments

for those who favor a low standard. Of course such an institution does not offer the grade of work, training, and honor. What is the use of long years of study and hard preparation, if one can get into the best colleges almost by signing his name? Are you unable to do the work? Are you willing to confess that you are inferior in brainwork, ability, and concentration to your grandfather, father, and even your older brother? If you are, then it is high time the standard should be lowered. One might as well say that the standards of honesty and justice should be lowered. The idea of easier examinations is in keeping with the prevalent spirit in some parts of the world today. To do this is a step down; "for wide is the gate and broad is the road that leadeth to destruction." Education is the last reserve of the United States, the third line trenches; hence its resisting power must not be weakened.

* * *

UNIFORMITY

It is evident from a careful inspection of the matter that it is not the lowering of examination standards that is needed but greater uniformity from one year to another. For several years, for example, the examinations are not what could be

called easy but less difficult to pass than others. The next year some one decides that the examinations are being allowed to run down and consequently the next set or at least certain ones are made difficult out of all proportion. In comparison with former years, certain examinations stand head and shoulders above their immediate predecessors. Is it fair to make one class undergo more than another, when both have been prepared alike? Would it not be better to make an average of the easy year and the hard year and then to make trial of all equally?

* * *

THIS WAY OUT

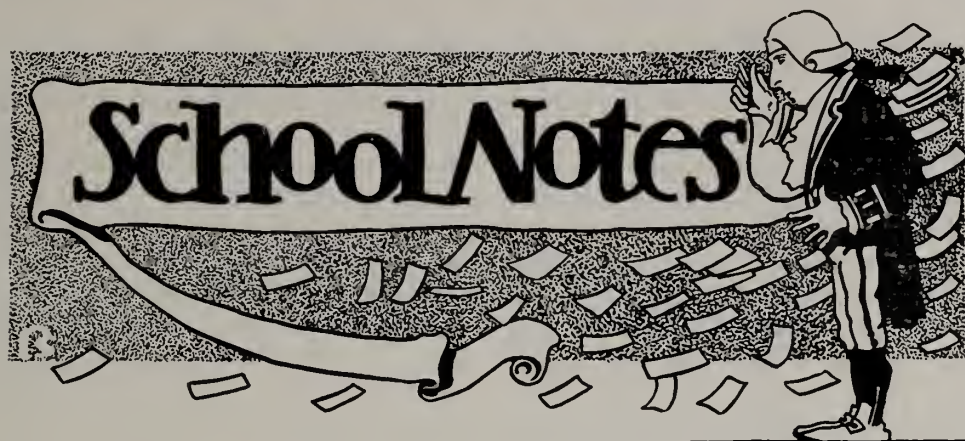
Harvest time has ever been a period of joy and thanksgiving, and the harvest that has been begun, although in the dead of winter, is no exception. The recent raids held in different sectors of the country on the seething hives of Reds, Radicals, and all the forms and phases of Bolshevism, bring joy and gladness to the heart of every real citizen of the United States. The knowledge that at last the long arm of the law is beginning to act against its greatest offenders is indeed gratifying. These Bolsheviks are the tares of the human race, the scum and leavings of the Hun. To quote a bit of Scripture: "Let both grow together until the harvest: and in the time of harvest I will say to the reapers, Gather ye together first the tares and bind them in bundles to burn them." This passage no doubt has been quoted time and time again, but it seems especially appropriate during this particular trend of events. It would have indeed seemed strange that a nation which had been so successful in stamping out the myriad and diversified agents of the Wilhelmstrasse should have failed to eradicate a body, although possibly more fanatical, yet not nearly

so well organized as its predecessor. It certainly would be interesting to note the effect, if all the Bolsheviks in the country could be placed upon an island, free to do as they wished, but cut off from all communication with the outside world. No doubt a dozen cats with their tails tied each to each would be a tame and very dull affair in comparison. There would be a change of programme every night, together with a matinee every day, and they would all end in cutting each other's throats. However, deportation will do and although it may be a tame way to burn the tares, nevertheless it promises to rid the country of some of the by-products of its lax immigration laws.

* * *

GET BUSY

The Register, as it is the official organ of the student body, asks that the students co-operate more closely with the staff. *The Register* is always ready to receive helpful suggestions. *The Register* desires that it may become allied with the student body as closely as possible. For example, *The Register* would be glad to have suggestions on starting a new department or on reorganizing some of its old ones, so that it might come in closer touch with its supporters. Take an interest in the management and policy of *The Register*. It belongs to you. It would be more advantageous if criticism and suggestions could be put in writing and handed to some member of the staff or left in *The Register* box. In putting it in writing more careful thought would be devoted to the matter. The staff desires to make the publication as up to date as possible, and with its limited means is endeavoring to make use of the good points of all the big magazines. Make your suggestions practical and ones that would not be impossible to carry out. Get busy! It's up to you!



MR. J. A. DYER addressed the school at the regular Monday morning assembly December 8, 1919, on the evils of alcoholic drinks. The school became exceedingly nervous when he was introduced as a man of wide experience, but fortunately the experience was in speaking and not something else. The scholars became uneasy one other Monday morning, too, when they were informed that the red-headed boy in the front row might set the world aflame. Fortunately no one rang in a fire alarm.

* * *

It is interesting to note that of the 31 regular instructors in this school, 14 are themselves graduates of the school, while 2 others were at one time pupils here.

* * *

The names of Karl Watson Baker and Philip Francis Kenny, who graduated from this school last year, appear in a list of those admitted to Harvard this year, "whose entrance examination records attained an average grade of work worthy of honorable mention."

* * *

Due to his high rank in his studies, Arthur W. Marget, B. L. S. '16, has been elected First Marshal of Phi Beta Kappa at Harvard.

Philip S. Parker '86, chairman of the Board of Selectmen of Brookline, and Judge of the Brookline Municipal Court, has been appointed chairman of the Executive Committee of the Episcopal Church Nation-Wide Campaign in Massachusetts.

* * *

You may think you are having a hard time here, but how would you like to be working every afternoon from 3 to 9 o'clock? That is what Thomas C. O'Brien '05 did. Now he is Penal Institutions Commissioner for Boston, and is host to the many Reds at Deer Island. Previously he was deputy Director of Prisons for Massachusetts and was probably the youngest man ever appointed to a commission by a Massachusetts governor. While deputy, he made widespread improvements and gained a reputation as an expert on criminal reform.

* * *

Among recent books by Latin School graduates, the following are well worth reading:

"Crime Prevention" and "The Policeman and the Public" by Arthur Woods '88, former Police Commissioner of New York.

(Continued on page 15)

Water is Mighty Convincing

By Anthony Harrington

WITH a toot and a snort the accommodation consisting of an antique engine and one blistered chair-car, came to a sudden stop. One passenger only alighted. He put down his suitcase and gazed searchingly at the sign to make sure that it was the right place, but the name "Skull Valley" reassured him. Some person with a sense of humor had daubed a rude skull on the yellow boards beneath the letters. Our hero, for so we must consider him, did not seem in the least concerned, but took from his vest pocket a flashy cigarette case, selected one, and then slowly lit it. He was about nineteen, of somewhat sallow complexion, rather slender, and of medium height. He was nicely dressed, hovering between a dude and a sport. Several bewhiskered loungers seated on a much whittled bench woke up for a minute, eyed the stranger, and then settled down to resume the interrupted siesta. Our hero walked to the end of the platform and gazed at the dry, sandy soil that surrounded him on all sides, teeming with sagebrush, cactus and yucca, and bounded on the horizon by dirty low-lying hills. The steel rails glistened in the distance, seeming to almost radiate heat. Just then a man swept around the corner of the station, and catching sight of the stranger yelled:

"I'm looking for a feller named Archibald Herrick, be you him?"

"Why, yes, I am Mr. Herrick."

"Well, glad to meet you. My name's Shorty Taylor. Them your grips?"

Archie nodded. Shorty picked them up, motioning for Archie to follow. Together they went around the station to a dilapidated light wagon. Archie mounted and sat down in the seat while

Shorty placed his bags in the rear. He then unhitched the horse, climbed in, clucked, and off they went. For a time neither spoke and Archie examined his companion curiously, noting the usual cowboy outfit. His name fitted him well. At the corners of his eyes were deep wrinkles as if he were continually thinking of something funny.

"They're a great bunch up to the ranch, and they're eagerly awaitin' you," said Shorty at last breaking the silence.

This was partly true. They were eagerly awaiting him but not exactly as Archie supposed. Lured by the brilliant pictures painted, he had promised to spend the summer on his uncle's ranch in Arizona. He had never been west of Chicago, and on seeing the all dominant sagebrush he would fain have returned then and there, except for the fact that his return ticket needed to be validated at Skull Valley. Now he was in for it. Archie's uncle had warned the boys, before he left on an unexpected business trip, what to expect. He hoped that a summer in the so-called wild and woolly West would take some of the effeminate manners out of his nephew. He had told the ranch foreman to put him to work at anything he could think of, the harder the better.

The sun was nearing the horizon as they saw from the summit of the hill the ranch spread out at their feet. There was the low rambling line of shanties where the bunks were, and off to one side the grub house which Shorty pointed out. Beyond this several immense barns towered almost like skyscrapers and near them a huge windmill and tank. As they descended, Shorty pointed out the corrals and other things of interest.

Presently they reached the ranch. The colors now on the surrounding hills had turned into beautiful hues with shadows of deep purple and blue, and scattered here and there brilliant reds and yellows. The sky under the dying rays of the hot sun appeared a deep orange. It was just the time between the close of the day's work and supper time. The men were lounging around the front of the shacks and their faces, freshly washed, glowed with radiant health. On catching sight of Shorty they all crowded around the wagon to have a look at the boss's nephew. Shorty presented him to them as "Archie Herrick."

"Mr. Archibald T. Herrick," corrected Archie.

"Let's call him Mr. Archie," someone shouted.

Archie's face turned red for a moment but he said nothing.

"Come on, Mr. Archie, and wash up for supper," put in Shorty. So Mr. Archie, as he was henceforth to be called, followed Shorty into shack No. 2, and sat down on an empty bunk and gloomily surveyed the room. It was not at all as he had imagined. The room was small and stuffy. The bunks, three on each side, were placed one on top of the other.

"Don't sit moping around," said Shorty. "Get a wiggle on, Mr. Archie, if you want anything to eat."

Once more Archie followed Shorty. They went to the windmill and washed in a battered tin basin; then with a whoop Shorty made a dash for the grub house. Archie arrived shortly after, deeming it undignified to run. As he entered, Happy Smith the foreman, rose and said gravely, "Mr. Archie, I want you to meet his Excellency Nagoya Kyoto Togi, Minister of the Interior, and incidentally—our cook."

The little brown man from Nippon

nodded his head pleasantly and went into the kitchen. Archie sat down between two cowboys who made room for him on their bench. There were great hunks of bread that looked as though they had been hewn rather than cut. At one end a was great pot of steaming stew from which Happy generously helped Archie. At intervals down the table were mounds of boiled potatoes and beside them plates of the inevitable beans. Every one ate with his knife and gulped his food, drowning it with floods of hot coffee. Archie had never experienced anything like this before. The coarseness of the food took away his appetite; so he contented himself with sipping a little coffee.

He excused himself on the plea of being tired and crawled into his bunk. Back in the grub house the men were still lingering about the table rolling smokes and talking about the newcomer. "Certainly is a tough case," was what Happy was saying. "Dunno exactly what we'll do with him, but cal'late, as long as the boss left it in our hands to set him to rights, it's up to us, but it sure looks like a tough job. Betcha a smoke he don't know how to do nothin'."

"Why not let him help Togi?" said one lanky cowboy, biting the ends of his moustache. "Guess he can do that all right."

"Bright idea, Whiskers, old boy. We'll set him to work in the morning."

So the next morning at four thirty Shorty dragged Archie out of bed with, "Time to go to work! Hurry up, if ya don't want the boss to jump on ya!" Archie looked up a little dazed, rubbed the sleep out of his eyes, and reached for his clothes in the gloom. To his dismay he failed to find his suit. In its place was a light cotton undershirt, an old pair of trousers, a heavy pair of shoes a full size too large, together with coarse,

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heavy stockings, a rough shirt and a battered felt hat. He surveyed these ruefully, and at the bidding of Shorty put them reluctantly on.

"Give ya a tip," whispered Shorty in his ear. "Whatever the boss says to do, do it and do it willingly. If ya don't, you'll have to do it anyway and the boys can make it darned uncomfortable if they want to." Archie didn't even thank him for his advice but went on lacing his shoes, rebellious at the thought of having to wear such an outfit. It was clean but it scratched fiercely.

As Archie left the bunk house, he bumped into Happy. "Come with me," Happy ordered. Obedient as a lamb Archie followed. "Got a nice job for ya," went on Happy; "pretty soft, too. After a while when you know somethin' about the place, some of the boys'll teach you how to ride. You're gonna be assistant to Togi."

"Now look here, my man," said Archie wheeling about, "I didn't come here to do anything like that. I won't do it."

"Oh, yes you will." Here Happy's eyes began to dance dangerously, but Archie was too wrapped up in himself to notice it. "I absolutely refuse," he continued. "My uncle is owner of this ranch. I'll complain to him and have you discharged—do you understand?—discharged!"

"Now look here, son, take it easy; don't get all riled up. I'm boss of this here outfit, and your uncle is gen'rally governed by my opinions in regard to the ranch. I'll risk my job. Be peaceable, son. Don't make me use force 'cause you're gonna work with Togi if it takes the hull darned outfit ta make ya. Be wise, now, son."

"Oh, shut up and go to grass!" snarled Archie, his voice raised to an angry pitch. "Don't you dare to lay hands on me, you dirty brute."

By this time the boys had begun to pile out of the shanties, and, hearing the upraised voices, hurried around to see the fun. Happy made a stab for Archie.

"Look out, Mr. Archie," roared Whiskers, "Happy's on the war path and he'll chaw yer up."

Archie dropped into the poise of a trained boxer, diverted Happy's stab with his left, and with his right came up with a slam on Happy's jaw. Happy tumbled over backwards, stumbled to his feet, staggered like one drunk, and then pitched forward driving his face into the soft sand. The cowboys gasped, for Archie had knocked Happy cold. Then like a whirlwind he threw himself on the bewildered cowboys, battering them right and left. Many a man's jaw ached for days after. The punchers, taken unawares, scattered in all directions, leaving Archie champion of the field. He stood there glaring from side to side, his clothes half mauled from his body. Presently a big husky cattle chaser appeared around the corner of a shack. Archie did not wait for him to attack but began to smash him right away. He hit him a crack between the eyes and did not even give him time to count the stars but sent him along to join Happy. Whiskers was the next victim.

The cowboys were getting desperate. Their chief and best men laid out by this sallow-faced, cork-tipped cigarette sucker was almost unbelievable, but there he was, as large as life, waiting for the next victim. The men whispered in consultation. "Got an idea!" almost screamed Shorty, "listen!" The men crowded closely about him. After a few words Shorty dashed off towards the grub house while the cow punchers sent another man in as bait. Archie was just putting the finishing touches to his

latest victim when he caught sight of Togi coming towards him. Archie was too mad for words; he was ready for anybody and anything. "I'll smash your little frog face into twenty pieces," he screamed as he made a lunge for Togi. The cow punchers peered around the shanties to see what would happen. "Golly, it'll be all up with Togi if one of them hammer blows ever light on him," added one man to his neighbor, as he carefully felt of his own jaw. "He's got a wallop that feels like a boulder was flattening ya."

But Togi didn't mean to let one of those hammer blows light on him; so he quickly sidestepped. Archie having thrown all caution to the winds, due to his easy victories, lurched forward. Togi jerked him by the arm and with a sudden twist sent him head over heels and landing with a thud on his stomach, knocking every bit of breath out of his body. Like a cat Togi pounced on him and pulled the breathless Archie to his feet. From then on Archie was literally thrown all over the lot. Togi's motto was like that of the tank corps, "Treat 'em rough," and Togi did treat him rough.

With an exulting whoop the cowboys flung themselves on the luckless Archie. They lifted him high above their heads and ran with him to the horse trough into which they dipped him again and again.

"Nuff!" howled Archie as he was being

ducked for the tenth time. "Nuff, nuff, nu-ug—g—g!" Archie's wide open mouth sucked in the water almost strangling him. The boys let him drop to the ground with a bump. Archie sat up, coughed, spluttered, wiped his eyes, blew the water out of his nostrils, and then spoke up with a half choked sound. "I'll go to work with the cook. I've had enough."

The cowboys howled with laughter.

"I've been a fool," went on Archie, "and I've been a rotter all my life. I got just what I deserved. I'm sorry if I've hurt any of you. I didn't understand, and I want to make amends."

"That's all right," burst from Happy adjusting the large piece of courtplaster he was carefully applying to his chin. "Any guy what can handle his dukes like that don't need no alibi."

"Yea, bo," yelled the men in unison. Picking up Archie they made a rush for the grub house. Togi was ringing the bell.

"It's 'Archie' from now on and not 'Mr. Archie'," gasped Happy, his mouth full of egg and potato.

"Three cheers for Archie; he can lick his weight in wildcats!" The cow-punchers boomed out the cheers with a will, making the little shack almost burst asunder with the noise; and out in the kitchen Togi, refilling the egg platter, wrinkled his face in to a grin that made him look like one of his own little bronze gods.

Track Talk


By N. F. Stuart

The call for candidates for the Track team has sounded. Never in the history of our school has there been a greater need of new candidates for the team.

Our loss by graduation and withdrawal from the school has left us with very few point winners from last year's team. We must develop men for every event;

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otherwise we cannot expect to compete successfully with our opponents.

How many of us stop to consider with what discouragements our coach has, for several years, had to contend? Time and again, boys in the Latin School have been developed in the different sports, through the ability of our coach, only to find that, when he most needed them, they were unable to play owing to scholastic difficulties; and, more than that, sooner or later they silently depart from our school and the next we hear of them, they are headliners in the athletics of competing schools. The credit of their performances goes to the new school and not to the school where they were developed.

The fact that there may be point winners in the various events should not deter a boy from competing. We all know that in every contest or competition there are always "dark horses." You may be a "dark horse"; so come out and try. You may not be the highest point winner in the event in which you compete but you have done your bit if you have added but a single point to Latin's total. It is often the case that one underestimates his own ability in certain undertakings, and, while this is preferable to overconfidence, still, it ought not to lead one to shun competition for fear of defeat.

Johnstone, Hull, Reynolds, and Todd are the only letter men that intend to compete this year. Johnstone won a place in the 1000-yd. run at the Regimental Meet last year. Much is expected of this boy, and we all know that he will gain many points for our school. Hull was the winner of the Intermediate hurdles event at the Regimental Meet last year. With his form, speed, and previous experience this runner ought to be among the best. Reynolds, a high-jumper, and exceedingly fast 300-yd.

man, will give every opponent a good race to the tape. It was at first thought that this star would be out of track because of an injury received during the football season but much to our delight, he has recovered and is now a member of the squad. Todd, the mainstay of the Junior division last year, will again be seen in action. This year he will, no doubt, be an Intermediate but even at that, a boy who ties the dash record and wins the shot-put event in his division, can be regarded as a point winner in any other division.

Hill, who ran the 1000-yd. run last year, until he was found to be too young for that event, will be one of the headliners in his specialty. Although young and inexperienced, he will no doubt quickly grasp the instruction of his coach. Hill and Johnstone are our two best in the 1000. In the dash we have Lombard, a mainstay in that event from last year. He was an excellent runner, and, having had plenty of experience, he will make any foe run the limit to beat him. Besides the above named boys, we have Semonian, Ryan, Seltzer, and Malley. The last named is a runner of marked ability. His specialty is the hurdles. Together with Hull these two ought to be in a class by themselves. Much to our regret and loss, Ellis, who won the Senior hurdle event at the outdoor meet last spring, will not be a candidate for the track team. He was also our best in the 300-yd. run. The inter-class meet will give Coach O'Brien an opportunity to see the real worth of the candidates in action. Come out and do your bit.

Ernest Soucy '12, Harvard '16, a well known athlete at both this school and college, is now Captain in the army. He is stationed at Turkey, in charge of a company dealing out food supplies.

SCHOOL NOTES

(Continued from page 9)

"Law and the Family" by Robert Grant '69, Judge of the Probate Court, Boston.

"Rollo's Journey to Washington," a humorous story of the recent war as it was fought at Washington, by Richard D. Ware '86.

* * *

Ralph H. Hallett '00, formerly Lieutenant-Colonel in the Engineer Corps, attached to the General Staff, U. S. A., has received his discharge and now is with the Bureau of War Risk Insurance, Washington, D. C.

LINDEN'S GAME

(Continued on page 6)

Hardly had he finished his tale when the door opened abruptly and Sherbourne entered leveling a revolver at Linden's head. Advancing, he pulled Linden's false wig from his head and tore the moustache from his mouth.

"So there you are, old boy. I guess you don't get away with it this time—not while I'm around. You got me in quite a scrape down at the Pasadena studio but you won't do it again."

While he was speaking Miss Thalmar and three of the rest of the company entered the room.

"Last night you stole several things of value from Miss Thalmar while we believed you to be in bed, helpless with your wound, and now you are trying to fill Director Edwards with that kind of stuff. No, James Ward, you have played that kind of game for the last time. You better tie his hands, Doc, before he gets reckless and hurts himself. We can send him to the hospital at Ft. Montezuma tomorrow.

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basca Company can come with me and receive a little surprise."

Swiftly he led the way across the snow a half mile or so and stopped at a spot that none of them had ever noticed before. It was a hillside covered with cedars and bushes. Sherbourne took a flashlight from his pocket, pulled aside some bushes and disappeared. The rest of the group followed and found themselves inside a large antral chamber. Sherbourne flashed his light on the group to locate Doc Edwards.

"This, Doc, is where I was that night I refused to explain my absence. I hope you will forgive me for doing so."

The cave possessed the remains of an old table, two chairs, and pulling aside a rotten partition Sherbourne revealed a large chest to the eyes of the astonished group. Opening it he pulled out a large pile of dried silver fox pelts and countless bags of a shining yellow substance.

"Three cheers for Sherbourne!" yelled Doc Edwards, as excited as a farmer in the movies; and the three cheer sent the cave and the surrounding woods ringing.

In the following years the Athabasca Company gained great success as a producer of refined moving-pictures. And I am told that Walter Sherbourne as its leading man became a great and famous actor.



Funny Fibs

By Joe Schneider

WILLING TO SUFFER

"If you had 1,000,000 dollars, it would worry you to death," said the seedy philosopher.

"That's the kind of trouble I'm looking for," replied the mercenary man.

* * *

NEVER

"Can you lend me an umbrella?"

"Why, there is no sign of rain."

"I know that, but the weather is sure to change. If I wait till it rains, you'll be using your umbrella yourself."

* * *

THE REAL SUFFERERS

Speaker—"It was an awful trial for me to make that speech last night."

One of the audience—"Don't mention it; just think what the rest of us suffered!"

* * *

STRICTLY BUSINESS

"Flubdub says these lady barbers know their business."

"Elucidate."

"He went in for a flirtation, and came out with a shave, a shampoo, a haircut, and a singe."

* * *

THE WRONG HOUSE

First Burglar—"How do you know the people who live here are rich?"

Second Burglar—"They own two automobiles."

First Burglar—"We're breaking into the wrong house. Where does the man live who repairs the two automobiles?"

* * *

ANOTHER

She—"I was a fool to marry you."

He—"No doubt; but I am not willing to let you bear all the blame. I asked you to."

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THE EXACT TERMINOLOGY

The proprietor of a grocery store chanced to glance out the plate-glass window and saw a small boy lingering around a barrel of apples exhibited on the sidewalk.

"Hey, there, boy!" exclaimed the grocery man, going to the door. "What are you doing?"

"Nothing," laconically answered the boy, his eyes still fixed on the barrel.

"Nothing, eh?" doubtfully returned the man. "Aren't you trying to steal some of my apples?"

"No, sir," responded the youngster. "I'm trying not to."

* * *

REDUCING

"I don't eat as much as I did. I'm reducing."

"You want to bring down your weight?"

"No, my expenses."

* * *

MOTHERHOOD

She laid the still white form beside those that had gone before. No groan, no sigh burst from her. Suddenly she let forth a cry that pierced the still air making it vibrate in a thousand echoes. It seemed as if it came from her very soul. Twice the cry was repeated, and then all was quiet again. She would lay another egg tomorrow.

* * *

WOULD WORK IT OUT

Doctor—"You owe me a bill of twenty-five dollars."

Patient—"Well if I had a job, I might pay you. Can't you give me a job?"

Doctor—"What kind of a job could I give you?"

Patient—"Well, you might give me a job collecting the bill."

IN FREEDOM'S NAME

An instructor in the Naval Radio School, calling the class roll, came to the name of a student who had been discharged from the navy on the previous day.

"Reneau" he called.

There was silence for a moment then a voice piped up:

"He's been pardoned."

* * *

HER SENSE OF HUMOR

Hokus—"A woman invariably gets off a trolley car backward."

Pokus—"She generally gets off a joke the same way."

* * *

DOMESTIC DRAMA

"I understand Bings, the actor, is looking for a new vehicle. Mrs. Bings wants him to try something in the domestic comedy line."

"Indeed? That explains why he was looking at baby carriages yesterday."

* * *

ENTERPRISE

The small boy walked into the office of the village doctor and marching up to him, whispered very confidentially:

"Please, sir, mother sent me to say our Lizzie's got influenza awful bad, and she wants to know how much you'll give her to spread it all over the village?"

* * *

BROKEN SPEECH

"Father," said the sharp small boy, "I saw a deaf and dumb beggar in the street this morning and he had an impediment in his speech."

"A deaf and dumb man with an impediment in his speech!" exclaimed father. "Don't talk nonsense, Launcelot."

"But he had, father," insisted the boy, "one of his middle fingers was missing."

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HIS SUBSTITUTE

She—"Is he very bashful?"

Second She—"When he took me on the roller-coaster, he told me to hold tight to the bar or I'd fall out."

* * *

GLOOM

Ike—"Prohibition is going to make us a gloomy nation."

Mike—"What makes you think so?"

Ike—"The people will have to hide their good spirits."

* * *

THE PROVERBIAL JOKE

The seriousness on the countenance of a senior.

* * *

WHICH ?

O'Brien—"Oi can say wan thing. Oi'm a self-made man."

Casey—"Is it boastin' ye are, or apologizin'?"

* * *

FIGHTING TOGS

"Uncle Sam is no bully, but he can take care of himself."

"Eh?"

"When they chucked rocks at his plugged hat, they soon found him in a trench helmet."

* * *

FUTURE USE

"Now that your brother is back, what are you going to do with your service flag?"

"We'll put it in the window again when he gets married."

* * *

Pessimist—"The worst thing about this bone-dry law is, I haven't anything to drown my troubles in."

Optimist—"Man alive, the ocean is full of water. Won't she sink?"

* * *

HEADS TO WIN

Sportsman—"Do you guarantee this

gun? Suppose it bursts and blows my head off?"

Dealer—"Then we will give you a new gun."

* * *

AMENDED

Hotel Clerk (pointing to register)—"Write your name on this line, please."

Guest—"Certainly. By the way, I am a Russian."

Hotel Clerk—"So? Then write your name on these two pages, please."

* * *

PROPER SOLUTION

Uncle Ezra—"They are having a lot of trouble in New York with the Socialists carrying red flags."

Uncle Eben—"Why don't they let some of them stock-market bulls get a slant at them?"

* * *

ECLIPSE

A voice—"Mary, what are you doing out there?"

Mary—"I'm looking at the moon, mother."

Voice—"Well tell the moon to go home, and come in off that porch. It's half past eleven."

* * *

HURRYING TIME

"Goodness!" gasped the Sergeant of the guard, sticking his head out of the window. "What is the man playing at?"

Private Murphy, who was on sentry go, was running as hard as he could from end to end of his beat.

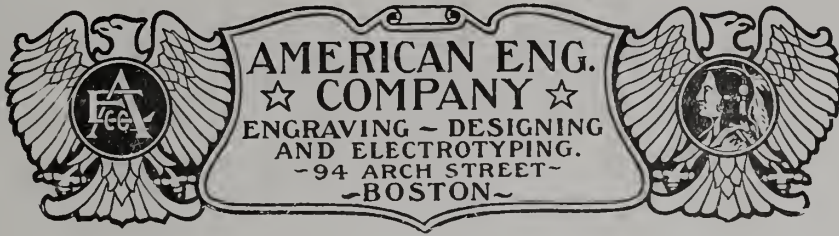
"Ho! Mike!" yelled the noncom, "what's the trouble?"

"Sure, an' there's no trouble at all, at all!" replied Murphy, panting as he paused in his scurry.

"Then what are you running for?"

"Well, ain't I on duty here for two hours? I'm only trying to get me two hours done quick!"

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